AFTER DEATH WHAT? THIS PAPER TELLS YOU

SPIRITUALISM'S PICTORIAL JOURNAL

TRUTH

The PSYCHIC Observer

TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY NOT AUTHORITY FOR TRUTH

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IDENTIFICATION "V"

FACTUAL ACCOUNT OF A STARTLING PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

As told to

ELIZABETH M. PEAT

By

A POLISH FIGHTER PILOT

who served under the French and British when his own country's airforce was obliterated.

oo

HE KNOWS DEATH IS NOT THE END

Psychic Observer

Here is the Polish flyer, whose psychic experiences are related on this page by E. M. Peat. He is head of a South American trading concern in New York City and during a recent interview with the editor of Psychic Observer, he said he witnessed psychic phenomena during regular sittings with his wife.

oo

The events recorded here cover a period of four years. They occurred under most unusual and exciting circumstances and under conditions of stress and tension brought about when men are fighting desperately a losing battle for their countries, their people and their own lives.

Today, that tension is relaxed, and although the battle is not completely over, we can eliminate the outside conditions that might allow hallucination or war-nerves to take the place of cold facts and clear logic.

A Plane with a "Soul"

I have experienced outside help throughout all the war, but only in 1941 did I realize the possible origin of the help received, and appreciate the extreme efficiency of the aid rendered.

At the beginning of the war, in September, 1939, when Poland was invaded, I was a member of a flying squadron commanded by a most unusual man. He had an impeccable character and a dominating personality. He loved flying, he loved his plane and he had a theory about flying that he chose to confide in me.

My squadron commander believed his plane had a "*soul.*" This *soul* was created of elements from the mental and physical association of the designer and builders. It came from the deep-rooted desire of these people who helped to build the aircraft, to make each airplane the best that ever flew.

Planes Are Human

Just how much truth is in this theory is beside the point, but my commander had faith in it. He had faith in his ship. He loved her, he treated her as a sentient being, he talked to her, and he accomplished incredible feats with his plane. He convinced me. He was not a hare-brained youngster, but a mature man and a professional soldier, a man whose clean living and fine record were irreproachable.

At first, I respected his theory and his ideals, and then I believed in them as sincerely as he did himself. We were very good friends.

Protection Promised

We had been through much and our friendship was even stronger in *France* in 1940. It was there that one day my commander and friend spoke to me very seriously. I can remember him saying: "*I would like you to carry on for me when I've 'had it.' Accept the tradition of my white helmet, take my identification letter 'V,' and I promise I will take care of you after I have flown my last mission.*"

A short time after, he led the squadron in combat, a mission on which I was not flying. When our squadron returned the commander was missing.

At the interrogation, his wing man said "*We were engaged by a formation of ME 109's and I saw two enemy aircraft shot down by the Commander. A moment later he was not there anymore. He disappeared.*"

This young pilot was inexperienced, he was flying his first mission, but he knew the duties of a wing man. It is his work to fly either on the port or starboard of the leader, and he "*sticks*" to that leader through everything. He watches him without ceasing and flies accordingly.

Strange Disappearance

"*He disappeared, sir — he disappeared,*" the young pilot repeated over and over. The aircraft may have received a direct hit and blew up. But I have seen a number of cases of direct hits in the air and after the explosion there remains a cloud of black smoke which stays in one spot and can be seen for at least two minutes. Debris flies about also.

"*There was no smoke, no debris, no wreckage — nothing — he disappeared,*" said the agitated wing man. "*The commander was gone, that's all.*"

After a few days, humbly I painted my helmet white, and changed the identification letter of my ship to 'V'.

It was three days later when, after a particularly heavy combat, our squadron returned to its emergency base, and all aircraft were accounted for. The group crews worked on repairs to damaged ships, and we pilots relaxed in groups around the area. We had no shelter, there were neither huts nor barracks as we retreated further back every day.

Plane Without a Pilot

As we stood about, from overhead we heard the familiar drone of the single engine aircraft our squadron alone was flying. Automatically all of us turned in the direction of the sound and watched the ship come down fast and low. Then, our eyes followed it as it disappeared behind the trees while the drone faded abruptly.

"*Ambulance!*" ordered the group commander, thinking the airplane had crashed. The ambulance drove all over the countryside and peasants were questioned, but no one had heard an aircraft land, and none had heard a crash.

To get some rest, we rolled up in our blankets under the wings of our ships, and as I lay there thinking about the visiting aircraft, I faced the fact that I had tried not to recognize before. *There had been no pilot in the cockpit of the visiting ship!*

Not Imagination

In that type of aircraft the pilot is visible and it is not possible for anyone to conceal himself inside the cockpit.

"*Andre,*" I whispered to my crew chief who shared the shelter of my airplane wing . . . "*Andre, that ship. . .*" I did not finish the sentence.

"*Yes, sir,*" Andre answered quickly—"*there was no pilot, sir.*"

Our whispering roused the others, and soon we huddled together trying to solve this mystery. Maybe we were trying to convince each other that it was our imaginations working. But, by the following day we had forgotten; the war still went on, and we were busy trying to keep alive.

Then It Happened

It came to be June 23rd, 1941, and early in the afternoon I was engaged in combat over *Boulogne.* I'd spent all my ammunition, but being young and eager to fight I rammed one of the enemy aircraft. Looking back at it now, I realize that this was a foolish thing to do as I had to cross the Channel on my way back to England, and in

(Continued on Page 12, Col. 1)

It Happens Frequently

Another psychic experience reported as having taken place, during the last six months of the recent war, was told to the editor of this journal by Staff Sargeant, *Kenneth W. Kahler,* 379 Nassau Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Sgt. *Kahler* was an engineer and aerial gunner serving his country on many bomber missions in the South Pacific.

"Frankie" TRAINER

"*One day, when we were about to wind up a dangerous mission,*" says Kahler, "*Japs seem to be coming from nowhere . . . we were getting it right and left from enemy planes . . . we thought we were done for and then I felt hands on my shoulders and saw my old friend 'Frankie'.*"

At this point during his story, Kahler stopped abruptly and said: "I don't suppose you will believe me but I heard a voice say '*Sonny Boy, I'll get you out of this*' and then the vision faded away."

Kahler concluded his story by saying "*At the snap of a finger, the Jap planes disappeared.*"

Frank J. Trainer, who was well known in western New York, joined the air force early in the war. He met his death in a plane crash, November 22nd, 1944. They were buddies and during their cub training, *Trainor* always called *Kahler* "*Sonny Boy.*"

Frank Trainer was a grandson of Johanna Trainer, Dale Road, Cassadaga, N. Y., and a nephew of Lena Florence, Lily Dale clairvoyant medium.

Article I

RELIGION'S DEBT TO SPIRITUALISM

In this series of articles, the author's

AMAZING HISTORICAL EVIDENCE PROVES

All founders of religion were great Spiritualists.

All religion emanated from Spiritualistic sources.

Bibles were dictated through Spiritualist mediums.

Written specially for Psychic Observer by

ALVIN BOYD KUHN, Ph.D.

227 Murray St.

Elizabeth 2, New Jersey

oo

The ordinary occupant of orthodox church pews would be shocked and resentful if he were told that the faith he upholds has come into being through *Spiritualistic* phenomena. Mass ignorance, designedly cultivated by priestcraft over the ages, and general lack of studied familiarity with *true* history, have kept from common knowledge the preponderant part that *Spiritualistic communications and phenomena* have played in the genesis and development of all the great religious movements.

Thousands worshipping in churches whose conventional attitude is that of aloofness and disdain toward *Spiritualism* would be both incredulous and indignant if informed, as in nearly all cases they well could be, that the very creed that asks them to belittle and scoff at *Spiritualism* was inceptively launched as the result of *spirit manifestations.*

Little, for instance, does any average Methodist realize that his denomination came into being as the result of a series of spirit messages received by the *Wesleys* at *Epworth* in *England.*

Function of Spiritual Gifts

And how little has the devotee of any branch of *Christianity* reflected, in his scorn of the claims of *Spiritualism,* that the entire *Christian* religion had its actual precipitation into historical movement at the first *Pentecost,* when spiritual Intelligences poured down upon the heads and into the hearts of the disciples the divine function of spiritual gifts, visions, speaking in tongues, prophecy and species of communication with celestial powers!

The more deeply one probes into the history of religions, the more clearly one sees that the entire unfriendly posture of traditional and orthodox religion in its contempt for *Spiritualism* has been fostered and conditioned by sheer ignorance of true history. It was parented and bred by ignorance; it survives and is perpetuated by the strength of ignorance.

If the light of true historical data could be let into the millions of minds holding to such warped views, the whole structure of this indurated contempt for *Spiritualism* would be blasted into desuetude by the mighty power of the truth.

In view of this status of affairs a work of the greatest importance will be the presentation of a body of data from actual history which

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

. . . and now, we have just received a large shipment of Spiritualism's latest book. . .

"My Greatest Story"

Written by

Hannen Swaffer

This book, priced at $3.00, is the Most Challenging Documentary on Spiritualism ever written.

DALE NEWS, Inc. - - - Lily Dale, N. Y., U.S.A.

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What I Know To Be True

It Happened at

CHESTERFIELD

Sworn affidavits, signed statements, test conditions . . . all point to the fact that Etta S. Bledsoe's spirit positively speaks through the mediumship of James M. Laughton. On the first Sunday in August, for the past five years, it has happened at Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp . . . and a similar demonstration is scheduled to take place August 5th, 1946.

IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN!!

By

Juliette Ewing Pressing

I have the profoundest sympathy and perfect understanding for all seekers for truth, especially those who yearn not only for proof of the continued existence of conscious personality beyond the grave, but also for experience, that will satisfy them that, under certain conditions, communication can be established between this world and the next phase of existence.

To bluntly state that a "*dead*" woman can, through a medium, personally deliver a lecture and give greetings for other spirits to the earth people is so staggering, the newcomer simply could not give credence to my utterance.

A few years ago, if anyone told me such a tale, I could not have accepted it. Now I know that such lectures are delivered, and I can personally vouch for the conditions under which such phenomena took place.

Etta S. Bledsoe, one of America's outstanding and most beloved mediums, passed to the spirit world in August 1940.

First Sunday In August

She was a very spiritual woman. Through her highly developed psychic power she had helped thousands of people to come into vistas of higher understanding of God's natural laws. She devoted all of her time to spiritual work. Through her teachings, many very fine mediums have been developed. Amongst them was *James M. Laughton*, pastor of *First Spiritualist Episcopal Church*, Detroit, Mich.

The first Sunday in August of each year, Mrs. Bledsoe, before she passed away, opened her month's program of lecturing and teaching at Camp Chesterfield, Chesterfield, Ind.

NOTED VOICE MEDIUM

Psychic Observer

Rev. James Laughton, lecturer, teacher, mental and direct-voice medium; 9116 North Martindale Ave., Detroit, Michigan; pastor of The First Spiritualist Episcopal Church of Detroit, Institute of Arts Bldg., 5200 Woodward Ave.

It is through his mediumship that, for the past five years, the spirit voice of Etta S. Bledsoe has been able to manifest in a characteristic and evidential presentation of direct-voice phenomena.

This August 1940, everyone missed her gracious personality, but realizing that Etta would be there if possible, her many friends visited the various seances. Unfailingly, Mrs. Bledsoe manifested through many of the mediums, but she seemed to be able to make a clearer direct-voice contact through the mediumship of Mr. Laughton. In his seance room, she *really* was there, alive and vital.

One day, *Dr. Noble Younkin*, Decatur, Ind., the late *Marcella De Cou Hicks* of Detroit, Mr. Pressing and I formed a group for a private seance with Jimmie. The conditions were in perfect harmony. All of us were friends of Mrs. Bledsoe. She came. She proved herself in many ways.

Spirit Voices Recorded

It so happens that Mrs. Bledsoe had one finger that was stiff at the knuckle so that it would not bend. She materialized her hand. She called attention to her stiff finger and asked me to feel it. Her idiosyncrasies of speech and diction registered so perfectly through Mr. Laughton's mediumship we decided to hold a seance in a professional audition room.

A month or so later, *Mabel Riffle, Loretta Schmitt, Dr. Younkin, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Pressing* and *Mr. Laughton* and I had a recording of a regular seance in a Buffalo studio.

A limited quantity of these records were sold to her many friends. Probably through this experiment, *Etta Bledsoe* has *actually* proved to thousands of people that the dead speak. The records have been played in many Spiritualist church all over the country. Her voice is distinctly characteristic. If one ever heard the voice, it could not be forgotten.

Records Not Played

The following summer 1941, Etta promised to attempt to deliver a lecture to the audience assembled in Chesterfield the first Sunday in August.

The fact that the records had been made the fall previous and had been played on *Camp Chesterfield* loud speaker system caused some to misunderstand the demonstration in the auditorium.

Each year, I've been present and thoroughly examined the cabinet where Mr. Laughton sits. At no time have *records* been played on the rostrum when *Etta Bledsoe's* voice has been heard. She actually comes from the land of spirit and delivers her lecture in independent voice.

The first year, 1941, she gave a short talk. Each succeeding year she had grown stronger and for the last two years, she has followed her discourse with messages from spirit people to their loved ones in the audience.

Test Conditions Exacted

In other words, *Etta Bledsoe* has continued her platform work from the spirit side of life, just as she served as medium while in the physical body. The only difference being that a physical medium has been used as a battery for the development of the necessary psychic force for her manifestation on the earth plane.

It truly is a most remarkable and inspiring experience to actually hear the unmistakable voice of a woman who has been "*dead*," render a beautiful discourse, and follow with messages to people in the audience.

Last year, August 1, 1945, *Mabel Riffle*, Secretary of *Chesterfield Camp*, asked me to take care of the preliminaries. I explained to the audience as best I could, what might be expected, and gave a brief explanation of the *modus operandi* of such a demonstration.

In order for a spirit to speak on the vibration of the physical plane, an ectoplasmic substance must be with-drawn from the body of a physical medium. A cabinet is used because ectoplasm dissipates if subjected to strong light rays.

Signed Statement

Camp Chesterfield mediums strive to *prove* that spirit people *do* speak.

Inasmuch as the audience cannot know just what is on the rostrum, I invited people from the audience to come to examine the cabinet, chair, carpet, musical instruments, organ, etc.

Following is a list of the people who attested to the conditions set up for the Laughton seance.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We attest to the fact, we examined the cabinet and rostrum, used by Rev. James Laughton, for the demonstration of Etta S. Bledsoe's spirit voice, that there was no mechanical devices in or on same except a microphone used to magnify the spirit voice.

Signed this 5th day of Aug. 1945 at Chesterfield, Ind.

Charles *Spaf*, 1234 School St., Rockford, Ill.; Clifton A. *Crosby*, D. O., Le Roy, Ill.; John *Welsh*, 1500 So. 1st St., Maywood, Ill.; William *Cross*, 8 South 15th Ave., Maywood, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. J. *Leeper*, R.R. No. 2, Covington, Ohio; Mabel *Routson*, Sentinel Hill, Rt. 1, Bradford, Ohio; Joan *Kaltenbrumm*, 1111 Parkway, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. C. E. *Secrist*, 2015 W. 9th St., Muncie, Ind.; Lillian *Cullison*, Newark, Ohio, Rt. No. 4; Ewald C. *Braecen*, 3947 No. 38th, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Wm. E. *Metzger*, Box 758, Lima, Ohio; Vernon *Smith*, 27½ West 3rd St., Peru, Ind.; Ruby *Johnson*, 1027 Laguna Ave., Kokomo, Ind.; Daniel S. *Reeves*, 359 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Wm. W. *Kile*, 321 West North St., Springfield, Ohio; Forest R. *Badgley*, 1st Lt., Detroit, Mich.; Gordon T. *Morrow*, Sgt. U. S. Army.

"This Is Etta Bledsoe"

Shortly after these people individually attested to these conditions, *Mrs. Riffle, Mamie Schulz* and the medium, *Mr. Laughton*, came to the rostrum. *Mrs. Riffle* then introduced *Mr. Laughton*, who responded with these remarks:

"How many here this afternoon knew Etta Bledsoe? (Over half the audience raised their hand.) So many of the newcomers to the Camp have never heard her while in the body, and possibly would not recognize her voice, but through the years she served this camp many have recognized her voice. The first year she passed, she returned one evening here on the camp. When she spoke nearly everyone marveled that her voice had the same intonation as while in the body.

"While I am in the cabinet, I am in trance. Mrs. Bledsoe speaks through independent voice, not through my vocal cords. When I come out of trance, many times I wonder, '*did she really come?*'

"Last year, I was told several spirits were here, and spoke over the microphone and many recognized them. I am sure *Etta Bledsoe* plans this program just as you plan on being here. Try to relax yourselves and be open-minded for Jesus said many of his wonderful works he failed to do because of the unbelief of those around Him."

Mr. Laughton then retired to the cabinet. Within a short time, the voice of *Etta Bledsoe* spoke:

"This is Etta Bledsoe. Yes, once more, dear friends, I have come to demonstrate and prove immortality. My experiences have been many since I last spoke in this auditorium. I have travelled across vast oceans into distant lands and know that a spiritual awakening is taking place that one day will bring light to your world of earth. This will bring peace that will surpass all understanding to the human family, but before this peace, can come, intolerance must die, and then, love and tolerance will nourish the wonderful harmonies of the soul. Great bands of angels are descending upon the earth. Their message from the high fields of heaven is to bring freedom for all.

"All men shall know that no spirit can get away from himself. There are no shadows in this land.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 4)

Mable Riffle's Mediumship

A Testimonial

State of Oklahoma }
Oklahoma County }
SS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Eva Melugin of lawful age, being first duly sworn deposes and says; that her maiden name was *Eva Bromback;* that during the year 1893 when she was four years old she became separated from her mother *Mary Bromback* in Benton County, Arkansas, and never knew whether she was alive or dead during the thirty years that followed.

On April 1st, 1923, affiant consulted *Mrs. Mable Riffle*, the mental psychic, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in the hope of learning, if possible, whether her mother still lived.

Affiant states that *Mrs. Mable Riffle* was an entire stranger to her and knew nothing about her family or affairs at the time she consulted with her, but that *Mrs. Riffle* told her that her mother was alive and living in Columbus, Kansas, and that she had married again, her name now being *Mrs. W. T. Hayden.*

Affiant further states that from the information given by *Mrs. Mable Riffle* she succeeded in locating her mother who is now *Mrs. W. T. Hayden,* at Columbus, Kansas, and that a most happy re-union of mother and daughter was thus made possible after a separation of thirty years, during which time they knew nothing concerning each other's whereabouts.

This affidavit is made for the purpose of preserving a record of the true facts as stated above.

Witness my hand this 20th day of July 1923.

Eva Melugin.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of July 1923.

Chas. C. Cantrell.
Notary Public.

My Commission expires November 10th, 1923.

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Where There's A Will . . .

THE CHAFFIN WILL CASE

By PAUL MILLER.

The Chaffin will case is one that beat even the psychic researchers. They have no theory to offer—for once. There is no hallucination, no illusion, no tricks, nothing mysterious. This is what happened.

In the state of Carolina, James L. *Chaffin* was a farmer in Davie County. His four sons were, starting with the eldest: John A. Chaffin, James Pinkney Chaffin, Marshall A. Chaffin and Abner Columbus Chaffin. Farmer Chaffin wrote out his will on November 16, 1905, and it was witnessed by two people. This will bequeathed the farm to the third son, Marshall, who was also made sole executor.

The New Will

Nothing was left to the widow and the other three sons. Farmer Chaffin let this will stand until one day he read the 27th chapter of Genesis telling how Jacob, the younger brother, supplanted Esau, the elder brother, and won his father's blessing. So, he wrote out a new will on January 16, 1919, in these words:

"*After reading the 27th chapter of Genesis, I, James L. Chaffin, do make my last will and testament, and here it is. I want, after giving my body a decent burial, my little property to be equally divided between my four children, if they are living at my death, both personal and real estate divided equal; if not living give share to their children. And if she is living, you all must take care of your mammy. Now this is my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal. James L. Chaffin. This January 16, 1919.*"

Never Told Anyone

You will see that no witnesses are mentioned, but says the law of North Carolina, a will is valid if written out by the testator himself. This, of course, has to be proved. James L. Chaffin, just to make things easier for his family, then placed his will between the pages of the Book of Genesis which had so impressed him that they caused him to write out a new will.

It was a curious streak in the old man's sense of the dramatic that made him put the will in that part of the Bible which caused his changed outlook. *If you read the 27th chapter of Genesis, you will see why.*

And, to add to it all, he wrote these words on a piece of paper: "*Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my daddie's old Bible.*"

His father was the *Rev. Nathan S. Chaffin.* The instruction, about which he never told anyone while he was alive, was rolled up and sewn into the inside pocket of one of his overcoats.

A Spirit Speaks

Two years later the maker of riddles "*died*" after an accident. As you expect, the younger son Marshall proved the will without opposition. The widow and the three other brothers were apparently satisfied that it was as the head of the family wished. Four years later the second son, James Pinkey Chaffin, began to dream of his father coming into his room and standing by his bed.

That was in June 1925. Towards the end of that month he saw his father again, wearing a black overcoat of the kind he knew he had when alive. In his sworn statement James Pinkney Chaffin says that in the earlier dreams his father did not speak, but then he says:

"This time my father's spirit spoke to me, he took hold of his overcoat this way and pulled it back and said: '*You will find my will in my overcoat pocket,*' and then disappeared. The next morninging I arose fully convinced that my father's spirit had visited me for the purpose of explaining some mistake. I went to my mother's room and sought for the overcoat, but found that it was gone. Mother stated that she had given the overcoat to my brother John, who lives in Yadkin County, about twenty miles north-west of my home."

In the Bible?

A few days later James Pinkney Chaffin visited his brother and there he found a coat with the lining of an inside pocket stitched up. When he cut the stitches he found a piece of paper rolled and tied. When he undid it there was written in his father's handwriting these words: "*Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my daddie's old Bible.*"

He was so determined to get to the bottom of the mystery that he wanted witnesses to go with him to his mother's home. His neighbor, Thomas Blackwelder, came along, bringing his daughter, and Chaffin took his own daughter, too. They had to search for some time in the mother's house before the Bible was found in a dilapidated state in an old bureau. The Bible fell into three pieces.

Blackwelder picked up the section containing Genesis, turned to the 27th chapter and saw that two leaves were so folded that they were a kind of envelope, and inside was the old man's will. This will was submitted for probate, and as a result a lawsuit was begun among the Chaffins. About a week before the trial the father appeared to James P. Chaffin, saying "*Where is my old will?*"

Eleven Swore To It

The son took it as an indication that he would win. He was right. This is his testimony at the end of the sworn statement:

"*Many of my friends do not believe it is possible for the living to hold communication with the dead, but I am convinced that my father actually appeared to me on these several occasions, and I shall believe it to the day of my death.*"

When the trial came on the defendants were the son and widow of Marshall Chaffin who had proved the first will. In the interval of swearing in the jury, the factions of the Chaffins met, and the widow and son of the sole legatee were convinced that the second will was in the old man's handwriting. There were ten men and women prepared to swear to it.

Researchers Busy

So, the decision to contest the will was changed, and the crowd that had gathered in the courtroom to enjoy the spectacle of a family at law over a will was disappointed. The jury had one simple question to answer—whether the second will was written by James L. Chaffin. They said it was, and that was the end of the case.

Of course, the researchers were busy on the case, and they cross-examined the people concerned, but you have read the declaration of the son to whom the father had appeared in a dream. He must have been very strongly impressed, or he would not have taken steps to find the old coat and then the will.

If any members of the Chaffin family had heard their father mention another will they would have remembered, and they would have sought it. Families are like that—and rightly. No matter how many theories there are, the man who had the dream was convinced, and the desired result was achieved."

—"Cavalcade of The Spirit."

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SPECIAL NOTICE: A complete story of the CHAFFIN WILL CASE can be purchased in booklet form for 35c from DALE NEWS, INC., Lily Dale, N. Y. The booklet, reprinted by kind permission from the Proceedings of The SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, Part 103, Vol. XXXVI, was published in 1928 by The Two World's Publishing Company, Manchester, England.

A quantity of this edition of the booklet was purchased for the express purpose of giving PSYCHIC OBSERVER readers an opportunity to study the "STRANGE CASE OF THE WILL OF JAMES L. CHAFFIN."

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THE IMMORTAL TALES OF JOE SHAUN

By JOHN J. MEYER

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(P-187)

I Call It Reality

By EDWARD A. LOHMAN

St. Petersburg, Florida

Some call it *religion,* some call it *God,* but I can best name it when I *feel* it, when every part of my being thrills with it and I am inspired with the urge of it to move ever higher and higher.

Dr. Lohman

Some call it *life*—I call it *spirit.* The very feeling and knowledge of it compels me to want ever more of it: my soul yearns for it, my mind is filled with a hunger and a thirst for it: all things in this world are empty and trivial without it; all experience is but a mockery, and every adventure but a sham without this which men call destiny, but I call it *Life.*

Yet, all *life* is empty, all striving in vain, only as each leads on and up and out to new fields of action, to new vistas of a glorious future: some call it *Achievement,* I call it *Reality.*

BLEDSOE'S MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 5)

God is love. Repentance is ever possible and progress is a universal law.

"Dear Children of Earth, this great law of compensation runs like a silver cord through the universe. It is the warp and woof that weaves the two worlds and constitutes one grand brotherhood of evolving souls. Life on earth is only a brief school, a short span, then let us be kindly. Help each other along the paths of the journey and lay our weary burdens down by the trees that shed peace by the river.

"As I said before, I have come to bless each and everyone of you and come to touch you from out of this country of bright and cloudless immortality to instill in the hearts of the people of earth—*hope and inspiration.* I have come to bless all that gather in the name of Truth.

Messages Recognized

"My experiences have been many since my transition into the world of soul. I have spoken with noble spirits. I have met those who have spoken to the prophets of old, who dwell in the higher spheres in the celestial cities of God.

"Dry the tears of ignorance and open the windows of the soul within. Stretch forth your hands and let Divine Love and Inspiration into your lives. *Know there is no Death.*

"Dear children of earth there is but one universe and we of the invisible, march on and one day upon your side, there shall come great inventions that shall truly permit the spirit people to forge their messages of true love."

o o

The following names of people in the audience were called.

Each received a short message of comfort. They were: *De Lisle, Julia, Leota and Lawrence, Clopeze, Lillian Buck, Hickman, Anthony Heims, Myrtle and Will, Ray, Philip Mosure, Claude McBride, Emily Bryan, Halley Starr, Lulu Nelson, Molly, Lee, Dr. Wm. Wagner.*

Each person responded and apparently recognized the communicating spirit. The messages were comparable, in length and general text, to the average spirit communication given from spirit to people of earth, through highly developed platform mediums.

"Dead" Medium Gives Messages

It is utterly amazing to me to hear a SPIRIT MEDIUM deliver messages.

I am going to great lengths to give complete details of the Bledsoe demonstration, because there are thousands of newcomers, who read *Psychic Observer,* who will be confounded by the fact that a spirit can achieve such a remarkable and *almost* unbelievable demonstration.

I haven't forgotten that a few years ago, I stood in awe and unbelief that such things could take place. Now I know the truth that breaks the shackle of ignorance, so that life becomes understandable. God's natural laws operate, and when we learn these laws we can live profitable, fruitful lives. My mission is to share all this knowledge with all who will read and I can pass along the road map I've found to be safe and sound.

Physical phenomena proved to *me* that the "*dead*" *LIVE* and *under proper conditions* can talk to us of earth. I no longer ask, "*If a man die, does he live again?*" *I KNOW.*

(The End)

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(P-186)

Religion's Debt to Spiritualism

The world's greatest thinkers, philosophers and moralists were SPIRITUALISTS!

(Continued from 1, Col. 5)

will demonstrate beyond dispute that all the surviving, age-tested religions of the world have had their inception in spiritual transmission of cosmic truth from divine beings to worthy transcribers on the human plane.

Indeed all religion that has proven itself robust enough to survive the ravages of time has owed its existence, strength and influence to *Spiritualistic agencies* at the start.

What Spiritualism Teaches

General religionists will be surprised at so sweeping a statement and will venture to register dissent from its full truth. Yet one does not have to go outside the range of knowledge possessed by these people themselves to set up the essential proof of the assertion. For, as good church devotees and adherents of Bible authority, they would themselves defend the common tradition based on statements in the Bible itself, that this volume of *Holy Writ*, which has been for centuries the corner-stone of their religion, was dictated by God himself to *"holy men of old."*

Presumably the orthodox mind has never thought of God's speaking to men who could hear his voice as *"Spiritualism."* Yet *Spiritualism* covers every phase of communication from divine discarnate intelligence to human mentality.

Look at the Bible!

If the term embraces intercourse between spirit minds and human, surely there is no warrant for excluding messages from God, who is called the greatest of all Spirits, from the scope of the definition of *Spiritualism*.

Too many people hold the notion that *Spiritualism* is restricted to traffic between mortals and their deceased parents, children, uncles, aunts, neighbors or an Indian guide, in the discarnate realm. If this is a modern belief, in or out of the ranks of Spiritualists, it cannot be corrected too soon. True conception of *Spiritualism* sees it embracing every type of communion between spiritual beings in higher worlds and the citizens still resident on earth.

Therefore, in the true sense of the word it can be affirmed at the outset that the very *Bible* of Christian religionism was produced by *Spiritualistic processes*. It would be enough to substantiate the significance of our title to this article if no more than this one statement were adduced.

Let the churchman who sneers at *Spiritualism* reflect on this prime datum: *his own Bible was and is a Spiritualistic document!* The great Bibles were in all cases given as messages from lofty spirits to Spiritualists and through them transmitted to the world.

And as these great primeval Bibles were the works on which all the world's leading philosophical systems and schools were grounded in remote antiquity, it becomes legitimate to add the further sweeping statement that all the dominant philosophies of civilized history were derivatives of *Spiritualistic science*.

Light of the World

It is no slight credit for *Spiritualism* that the general affirmation can be made that the most dynamic codes of intellectual understanding, moral principle and righteous conduct that have guided human life to its highest excellence, have been of *Spiritualistic origin*. Indeed it is possible to go even farther and crown the claim with the broad assertion that the highest, purest, truest *Light of the World* came through *Spiritualism*.

Using the term *"Spiritualists,"* then, in a somewhat broad but still entirely warrantable range of meaning, it can be said that the world's greatest thinkers, philosophers, moralists and cultural lights in history were all *Spiritualists*.

Great Philosophers

At the head of the list would stand the great name of *Plato*. Close beside him would come others perhaps equal to him in philosophical stature: *Pythagoras, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Plutarch, Proclus, Aristotle, Socrates, Ammonius Saccas, Apollonius of Tyana* and the characters known as *Paul* and *John* in the New Testament.

How inevitably it is found on close acquaintance with biographical history that *Spiritualistic influences* predominated in the lives and work of all the so-called Founders of world religions!

Inspired Religion

In all cases it is established that these exceptional men received their divine messages from spirit Intelligences. They spoke not as mere men of high mind and great human knowledge, but as voicing the oracles of *Divine Wisdom, Celestial Light*. In this category come the *Buddha, Zoroaster, Orpheus, Hermes Trismegistus, Paul, Mohammed, Krishna, Vyasa* and many another. These did their work in the ancient day.

In the Medieval time in Europe came *Savonarola, John Huss, Luther, Zwingli, Wycliffe, Erasmus, Melanchthon, Ruysbroeck, Boehme, Nicholas of Cusa, Bruno, Erigena* and others.

Motivated By Spirit

Passing on to modern days we find religion after religion springing into existence, many of them surviving as denominational sects today, and every one of them superinduced by *Spiritualistic manifestations and messages* given to their promulgators.

In this list are *George Fox*, founder of the *Quakers; John* and *Charles Wesley* and *Whitfield*, founders of *Methodism* through the phenomena of *Epworth; John Knox*, heading *Scotch Presbyterianism; Joseph Smith*, establishing the *Latter Day Saints; Ann Hutchinson*, hearing voice in early *New England; Swedenborg*, the daily communicant with celestial realities, originating the cult that bears his name.

I can add *Anabaptists* and *Lollards* of central Europe and the *Antinomians* in Holland; *Madame Guyon* in France, where previously *Joan of Arc* had founded a state on her angelic voices; the sainted *Mother Ann, Shaker* foundress; and scores of groups of German and Swiss and Bohemian *"Pietistic"* sects, all led by the persuasion of inward voices, visions and rapports.

Revelations from Spirit

It could almost be said that Pennsylvania in particular was colonized through *Spiritualistic influences*. Scarcely is there to be found a religious movement anywhere in this period that did not have its initial motivation in *Spiritistic communications*.

There is nothing surprising in this, since the general conception of what constituted religion, or a *true religion*, had become saturated with the strain of *"supernaturalism"* to such a degree that no movement that could not produce manifestations of divine overshadowing and miracle would have been considered sufficiently certified to gain recognition.

It may seem to be stretching the term *"religion"* to unwarrantable lengths if *Spiritualistic revelations* that opened up new fields of knowledge in such secular realms as science and mechanics are introduced. But there is a *Hindu* proverb which says *"There is no religion higher than truth."* And it is difficult to exclude truth in any field from religious characterization.

The Whole Story

At any rate, if specific items of great serviceable profane truth are given to humans by minds functioning on a higher level of consciousness, the religious connotation may be justly applied to them.

There is a province, then, in which even *Spiritualists* have little known that the world owes a significant debt to *Spiritualistic communication*. This is in the domain of higher mathematics. It is only obscurely known that the modern branch of mathematical science that goes by the name of the calculus was apprehended by the French philosopher *Rene Descartes* in a flash of vision and insight given to him in sleep. In much the same way another segment of mathematical truth, known as spherical measurements, was revealed to the German philosopher, *Leibnitz*.

It is impossible that we should ever know how many of the multitudinous ideas for inventions have been flashed on the minds of men wrestling with mechanical problems by the spirits of learned men who have gained more lucid insight into the deep secrets of nature's forces since they have *"climbed the steep ascent to heaven."*

If we could know the whole of this story, the astonishing facts would go far to break down the general cold disdain of spiritual agencies in the governance of the world at all times.

Thomas A. Edison

The writer of this article is in position to make a somewhat unique contribution to this branch of spiritistic history as the result of his having resided for some ten years in a suburb of *Harrisburg, Pennsylvania*. Almost within sight of his home there stood an old workshop which it was his privilege to visit on a number of occasions. Elderly persons in the neighborhood related to him that it was in this shop that the telephone was actually invented and worked out by an old Pennsylvania German named *Drawbaugh*.

The significance of the item for Spiritualist literature lies in the fact that *Drawbaugh* along with the two brothers *Potts*, one of whom still survived at the period of our residence there, and who were close collaborators in inventive research with *Thomas A. Edison*, is authoritatively stated to have received the basic formula for the telephone during his attendance at the seances held in *Harrisburg*.

Here's Investigations

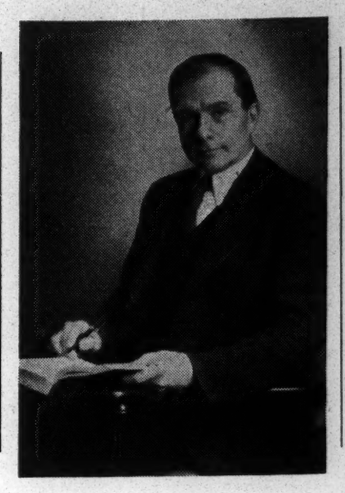
It was intimated to us that *Edison* himself also sat in the circle and received instructions that helped him give the world the electric light. It was more than once reiterated to us that *Drawbaugh* had, along with the first telephone, operated in the 1870's a wireless transmission and reception of messages over the distance of a mile. We have been informed that when controversy arose over the telephone invention, Congress voted the patent rights to *Drawbaugh*.

It was near this time that *Professor Robert Hare*, a scientist who investigated Spiritualism in order to insure himself of its falsity, but ended by being convinced of its veritude, discovered the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, the highest heat-bearing flame known until recently. Often the serious problems solved by spirit influence are of purely personal reference and advantage, but again they prove to be of universal benefit to humanity.

The great handmaiden of religion is literature, and in this field there is to be found a rich mine of Spritualistic phenomena.

In the second article of this series, *"Religion's Debt to Spiritualism,"* (*Psychic Observer*, June 25th, 1946) *Mr. Kuhn will include* data proving that Presidents and Statesmen were guided by spirit messages; that great literature was inspired from the spirit world; that *Coleridge* and *Sir Walter Scott* received poems dictated by spirits; and that divine truth was spoken *"On The Mount."*

SPIRITUALIST LECTURER



Psychic Observer

Alvin Boyd Kuhn, learned teacher, writer and lecturer; author of "Who Is This King of Glory"—A critical study of the Christos; and "The Lost Light," an interpretation of Ancient Scriptures.

After taking his Ph.D. degree in Philosophy at Columbia University in 1931, he taught and studied Theosophy. However today, he is one of the leading lecturers in the field of Spiritualism. His scholarly dissertations are attracting capacity audiences throughout the United States.

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MY SON IS LIVING —THOUGH DEAD

A Testimony

BY W. RICHARDS

My eldest son was a young man of striking personality, and of a very lovable disposition; he was beloved by his schoolfellows, and held in esteem by his masters.

No father or mother could have had a more thoughtful and loving son. He was full of fun and fond of adventure.

It was, I think, this latter inclination that led him to take a post with a big mining company in *Brazil.*

He remained there nearly five years, and then returned home for a holiday looking tanned and well.

After a pleasant time with us he went back again. In due course the time came round again for his second visit home, and again we welcomed him after a long absence.

On returning to Brazil he took over the management of a smaller Gold Mine, although the tract of country owned by the new company was very extensive.

Soon after he had become installed in his new quarters he sent us snapshots of his bungalow, himself, and his horse and dog, and from the pictures and remarks in his letters, he seemed to be in the best of spirits.

In November, 1926, we received a very nice letter from him saying he was in excellent health and was getting along favorably with the development of the Mine.

I Had to Know

Imagine what a blow it was to us about three weeks after the receipt of his letter, to receive a copy of a cable which had been sent to the Chairman of the Company, who was then on a visit to this country, saying that *William Graham Richards* had passed away in Brazil, details to follow.

I was the first downstairs that morning and had the terrible task of breaking this sad news to my wife and the rest of the family—his brothers and sisters. It was indeed a terrible blow to all of us.

As for myself, I lay in my bed each night and my thoughts were of him, wondering what caused his death and where he had died—was it in a town, in hospital, was it at the Mine or where?

The morning saw me up early, walking on the sands, praying for strength and comfort and asking God why he had taken him whom we all loved so dearly.

. . . And Then I Saw

My wife was sleepless too; for several nights she tossed to and fro and could not sleep. Then, at last, nature asserted itself—how kind nature is to us—and she fell into a profound slumber.

That night that she slept is indelibly branded upon my memory. I can only guess at the time I awoke—or as I should say now I know better, was awakened.

It was, I should imagine, about two or three o'clock in the morning and the room was pitch dark.

Suddenly there appeared a sort of glow of light near the window; gradually it assumed larger proportions until it looked like a huge ball of fire.

I was spellbound as it slowly came over the bed, and right in this circle of golden light appeared the face of my mother; every line of the face was perfect, the hair, the eyebrows, everything that I knew in life.

I Shall Never Forget

As her dear face looked down into mine, what fear I had vanished, and I can even remember saying to myself, "now close your eyes for a while and, if it is there when you open them again, you will know it is not hallucination"; I closed my eyes and waited awhile, then when I opened them, lo, the vision was closer still and looking intently into my face, smiling benignantly upon me. It then gradually receded and seemed to go through the window out into the darkness of the night.

The time came when I had to leave home on my business travels.

I shall always remember that Monday morning when I left for Bournemouth.

It seemed that I had broken the last link with my son when I left home.

"I Am Not Dead"

I remember having to change at Southampton for the Bournemouth train, and as I was waiting I thought about my boy dying in that far off land right away from us all, and I almost broke down with grief.

Suddenly I heard his voice—oh there was no mistaking it — saying, *"Don't worry Dad, I am not dead."*

At first I was astonished and thought perhaps others had heard it, but as I looked round it seemed to me they had not.

Then I said to myself, *"Ah, this shows you what trouble can do for the mind, you must have imagined it, pull yourself together, and don't give way."*

Mental Anguish

Like one dazed, with the memory of that voice still in my ears, as it were, I got into the train, and, to distract my mind, took refuge in reading the daily paper.

I did not hear the voice again that day and commenced my business calls next day.

The first man I interviewed was a kindly Christian man and he, probably noticing from my face the result of the mental anguish I had been through, asked me if I was well in health.

I told him of my trouble and he was very sympathetic and said, *"Well if he was really the sort of boy you say he was, no doubt at the resurrection you will meet him."*

What Resurrection?

I left my friend then, and as I was walking down the drive from his house I pondered over his remark *"At the resurrection"*; in God's name, when would that be?

My mind, as it were, scanned the vista of centuries that have passed since man's creation, and we are still waiting for that resurrection.

The thought of it sent a coldness and numbness all over me.

Oh, what a vain hope it seemed to me—why is there not something whereby we can bridge that awful gulf of seemingly endless time?

By this time I had reached the gate of the drive, when suddenly, again came that voice *"Don't worry Dad, I am not dead."*

I Attend Church

It was no good for me to try and put it away from me that time; it seemed as if he was quietly saying this close to my ear, and more than once I glanced aside almost expecting to see him.

The voice was insistent—I could not get away from it, and at last I sought a quiet road and there sent up a silent prayer, asking for some other proof, something I could see, then I would be patient and satisfied. When I opened my eyes I saw before me a peculiar building, and going across to read a notice I saw hanging on the door, I found it to be a Spiritualist Church; the notice conveyed the information that clairvoyant descriptions would be given that night at eight o'clock.

I knew little or nothing of Spiritualism, but realized that the notice meant that in some way or other someone would describe the spirit forms he claimed to see.

No Fairy Tale

I had always dismissed this as more or less "bunkum" but now suddenly the vision I had had of my mother came to my mind and I thought that if this person sees forms or faces as plainly as I did, well then, he could very well describe them; and with that thought in my mind I decided to go that night and see what happened.

I returned to my hotel and spoke to a friend of mine there about my intentions—almost expecting him to ridicule me, but to my surprise he said *"Oh, it is no fairy tale; they see the discarnate beings right enough; I have lived too long in the East to be skeptical about that."*

He then intimated to me that from the local information of the Churches, he knew there would be another Meeting on Thursday, and if I would wait until that day, he would go with me. To this I agreed, and after dinner we sat down for a chat, but it was not of long duration.

What immediately followed was all confusion to me, and I have, myself, only a hazy recollection; what I really did he told me in his own words, late that same evening.

About 7:45 I bounded from the armchair in which I was sitting, and, saying to him, "I must go now" dashed out of the room and into the street.

First Spirit Message

I recollect afterwards running and jumping on to a train, then off that one on to another and then alighting from that one, running along Bath Road until I reached the Spiritualist Church.

When I arrived I found the service had just commenced and so I waited in the ante-room during the opening prayer. When it was over I walked in and sat down in the least conspicuous position I could find.

The room was lighted with a subdued colored light, but light enough to see everyone there quite well.

A gentleman rose, and after giving a description in a few words to a lady in the front seat looked at me and said *"And now I want to speak to the gentleman who came in late." "Sir, I have had a wonderful vision with you; as you came in tonight a young man was with you, and he seemed to be bringing you in; he had his arm around you; he seems to be very fond of you; he is here with you now and I will describe him to you."*

Perfect Evidence

He then commenced to give me what proved to be a most wonderful and accurate description of my son. In every detail he was correct; when he came to his eyes he said *"I was going to say they were blue, well they are, but there seems to be a difference here"*—putting his finger to the corner of his eye.

Now this was an item of very wonderful evidence, for my son had a slight discoloration in the corner of one eye, due to its having been pierced with a fork when he was a little fellow about six years of age, and after he came out of hospital there was always this coloring in the corner.

Now you will understand that I needed no more evidence than this to know that it was indeed my son whom he saw.

Then, to my surprise he said, *"This young man is trying to 'control me'."*

Of Course, I Knew . . .

The gentleman stood rigid for a moment and with closed eyes said, *"He is showing me the place where his body lies"; "It seems to be in a wild part of the country, far away from civilization—right away from the beaten track."*

"I do not know the place — it seems very strange to me."

Then opening his eyes he looked at me and said *"Do you know this young man, Sir?"*

I told him he had given me a wonderful description of my son, of whom I had had sad news, to the effect that he had died in Brazil; I informed him I had received no details as yet.

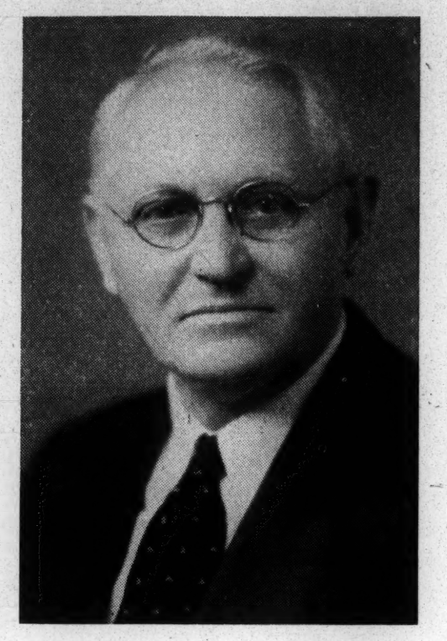
Message Verified

He replied, saying he knew my son had only just passed over and that he saw him as plainly as he saw me, and when I did receive the details connected with his death I should find that it was as he had described and that he was buried far from any town right off the beaten track.

About six weeks after this I received the details; all the clair-

Continued Page 10, Col. 1)

MINNESOTA MINISTER



Psychic Observer

Rev. Julius C. Steinemann, lecturer, healer, teacher and mental medium; 634 *Iglehart Ave., St. Paul* (4), *Minnesota; pastor of The First Spiritualist Church, Hague and St. Albans, St. Paul.*

In the state of Ohio, Rev. Steinemann has served as Lyceum Superintendent, Missionary and member of the O.S.S.A.; organized the Central Spiritualist Church of Dayton and served the Spiritualist camps in that state.

Rev. Steinemann has been a Spiritualist minister for over thirty years. He possessed mediumship at an early age; his psychic and spiritual healing powers attracted attention when he was eight years of age.

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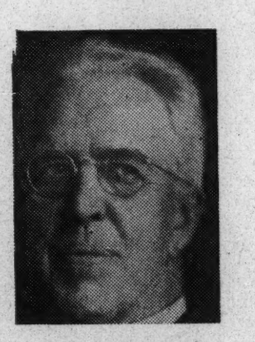

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June 10, 1946

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MY SON IS LIVING —THOUGH DEAD

(Continued from Page 9, Column 5)

voyant stranger had told me was verified to the letter. He had died in a very remote and wild district, away from his mine, and far from any town, and not until his Brazilian servant could get into the nearest town and get his account typed in English could he send it to me.

I Saw My Own Mother

Now what I want to emphasize is: here is a man in Bournemouth who gave me true information about my son who died in Brazil—details of which I then knew nothing; he claimed that he received the details from my son himself; I know that he could have received it in no other way, for my "*dead*" son was the only one who could inform him.

Now you skeptics, where is your subconscious theory here? Telepathy is completely ruled out; I knew no details, and not a soul in this country did.

The only way the clairvoyant could have known was in the way he stated, namely through my son himself.

I had had the good fortune to come in contact with one of the best mediums in the country by going into the Church in Bath Road, Bournemouth; he is Frank Blake and is the resident Minister of the Church.

But I would like the reader to pause just here and think of the way in which I was led there—the insistent voice of my son declaring to me he was not dead, the desire at last to get away from the crowds to where it was quiet, and where I prayed that if it was possible I should be granted some proof; then seeing the building that turned out to be a Spiritualist Church.

My first thoughts hostile to their teaching (of which, by the way, I knew little) had been overcome by the fact that I had, myself, seen my mother.

What the Medium Saw

To my mind now, as I see it retrospectively, it is plain that a spiritual influence was at work breaking down the barriers so often erected by ourselves shutting out spiritual visions, and heavenly things.

Experience has since taught me that it is in this way we are impressed and promptd by those in the beyond who are concerned and interested in our welfare, and if our spirit is attuned to theirs we shall follow their lead to our benefit and comfort.

Not long after this I was speaking to a lady in the Isle of Wight about my loss.

o o

She invited me to come and meet a lady who would be visiting her in a few days.

I decided only at the last moment to go—I was impressed by my son to do so.

When I arrived at the place the lady visitor had only arrived about half an hour before me and in a few minutes I was in her presence.

She at once said to me "*Why did you not bring his mother?*"

Whose mother? I enquired.

"*Your boy's mother,*" she replied, "*He has been with me from the time I arrived here, and he told me you were coming.*"

She then went into what I should describe as semi-trance, and commenced to describe places she was visiting.

She described the mine and the machinery and the people she saw.

Message About a Dog

She also said, "*Your boy tells me he had a big job on here, but he said he went to sleep and when he awoke he was where I found him.*"

Then she seemed to move away from there to a much larger place and described the surroundings, such as machinery, huts, houses and a mine—a very large one.

In the first part of her description she gave me a very good picture of the Mine my son was managing before he died, and even gave me the name of a Brazilian friend of his; the other picture —the larger place—I could not understand then, but afterwards I understood quite well.

She said to me, "*Do you know what he was doing when I first saw him?*"

"*No,*" I replied.

"*Well,*" she said, "*He was playing with a dog.*"

"*A dog,*" I said, "*Who could that be.*"

"*Well that is so,*" she said, "*and the dog is here now.*"

"*He says you will know which one it is if I tell you it is the one he had when he was at school.*"

A Dog's Devotion

Now the only dog he had when he was at school we had given to a friend after he went to Brazil, and as we had now left the neighborhood I could not say whether the dog was alive or dead, and told her so.

She said to me "*If I see the dog as I do, you can depend upon it, he is dead.*"

She then gave me an exceedingly good description of the dog, even to the tail that curled up and rested on his back.

I made enquiries after the interview and found she was quite correct, the dog had been dead some months.

Now my friends, who are perusing this article, he is a case where that wonderful link, love or affection, which binds or links us up with the other world, is illustrated to us in the devotion and affection of this dog to my son.

Evidence Galore

The dog had been greatly attached to my boy and followed him everywhere he could.

My son was equally fond of him—they were like two chums; and so the cord of affection and devotion was not broken, but they had been brought together again in the next sphere.

Love is the link that binds; Love is the God, and although in one case it is found in an animal and in the other in a human being, yet its source and its nature are one.

Another thing the lady told me was that my son, in taking her round the place she described to me, took her into a kind of Bungalow where there was an old man he called "*Uncle George,*" and he said he was fond of "*Uncle George.*"

"*But,*" I said, "*he had no Uncle George out there.*"

"*That may be,*" she replied, "*but he called him Uncle George.*"

This puzzled me because I had never, to my knowledge, heard him mention that name.

And Then I Knew

About twelve months after this interview, I was speaking to a friend of my son, who had come from Brazil, and who had known him from the first time he went out, it occurred to me that now was the opportunity to verify this message about Uncle George.

"Tell me," I said, "*did my boy know anyone out there called Uncle George.*"

For a long time he paused to think, then he said,"*why yes, of course, old George Steel, he lived with him for a few weeks, when he first came out.*"

That was, of course, at the big Mining settlement where he went first.

Then, in a flash, I could understand the two descriptions of places the medium gave me. He had taken her to both places.

When I say "taken her" I suppose I ought to explain.

I would describe the state the medium was in then as semi-trance, because now and again she would address me, but if she had been fully entranced my son would have used her organism to speak through her to me, assuming he had been able at that time to do so.

Annie Brittain

In her state of semi-trance my son was controlling her to the extent of revealing to her mental vision those things he desired her to see, and from her description she saw them very clearly.

Now, I suppose, you will say it was by chance that I met this lady, for here again was a wonderful medium.

On leaving I enquired her name; it was none other than *Annie Brittain*—a well-known London medium.

I do not accept it as by chance. I firmly believe it had been arranged through spirit influence.

A few weeks after this I was in St. Leonards-on-Sea, and one afternoon called at an address on business to see a gentleman who had previously written to me.

When I arrived at the place I found it to be a block of flats and on looking at the name plates I found, to my surprise, that his name was not amongst them.

"*Well,*" I thought, "*the only thing to do is to ring one of those bells and enquire whether the gentleman I sought had lived there and had recently removed; it was about three months previously that the letter had been written to me.*

In response to my ring a lady came downstairs and from my enquiries I learned that the gentleman I wished to see had been there a few weeks only, but had gone away; she could not give me his address as she knew little or nothing about him.

Then It Happened

I thanked her and was about to leave when she said "*I would like to ask you a question 'Who was the young man standing with you in the Vestibule'.*"

I replied that she had made a mistake, as there was no young man there during the time I had been there.

She said to me "*Oh yes there was, did you not see me stand for a moment and look through the glass door before I opened it?*"

I admitted that I did see her do so, and thought at the time, what a strange thing for her to do.

Then it dawned upon me that she must be clairvoyant and I asked her if she was, to which she replied in the affirmative.

"*Can you see this young man now?*" I said. "*No, he left when I came close to you, but,*" she said, "*come up to my flat for a few minutes, and I will tell you all about him.*"

On the way up she gave me, from memory, a description of what the young man had looked like and it was a good picture of my son.

Can YOU Explain It?

Once in her flat she sank into an arm chair and closed her eyes, then opening them she looked straight in front of her and said, "*Your son has come back:he is sitting on the floor close beside you.*" "*My,*" she said, "*but this lad was fond of you, I can see.*"

Then she commenced telling me different things connected with his life which I knew were certainly true.

She gave me information about his affairs, which she said he was giving her.

She even gave me the name of the man who had taken charge of my son's effects in Brazil.

This, coming from a stranger who knew nothing about me, not even, up to then, my name, staggered me.

She then gave me the name of a young lady who, she said, my son told her, was coming to England, a name which I had certainly not heard before.

Subsequently, I might say here, we received a letter at home from a friend in Brazil confirming this.

She then said to me, "*Don't you realize he is with you?*" "*I can't understand why you do not feel he is with you; I know you can't see him, but I can see him plainly.*"

Well, my readers, who do you say or think about this.

Here was another stranger, who knew nothing about me, giving me all this information and describing my son to me.

If the information was not from my son, pray tell me whence she obtained it?

Message Verified

She even mentioned a difficulty I should have in getting my son's estate properly settled up. This, at the time, I did not believe, as I considered the matter was in capable and trustworthy hands, and I told her she was wrong in that.

"*Well,*" she said, "*your son is not satisfied, anyhow.*"

Subsequent events proved her to be entirely correct in her statement.

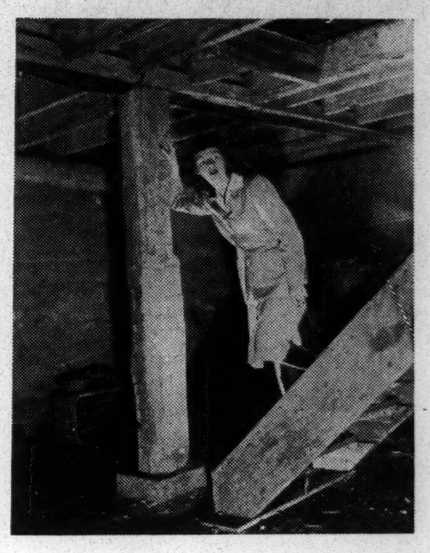
Here again there is no room for the subconscious theory.

I personally have no doubt whatever that my son was making use of this clairvoyant stranger to impart what he could to me.

Was it by chance that I rang that particular bell, was it by chance it

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 4)

Chicago Reporter Investigates Basement of The Fox Cottage



Psychic Observer

The picture above was taken several years ago, when Ann Marsden, ace reporter for the Chicago Herald Tribune, visited Lily Dale Spiritualist Assembly to view first-hand the activities and to write a comprehensive report of her findings. Her's was one of the few articles ever written by an out-of-town feature writer, honestly and fairly dealing with the subject.

In the picture, Miss Marsden assumed an alarmed expression as she entered the basement of the Fox Cottage at Lily Dale, N. Y. Her right hand rests on the famous "rapping beam". She is gazing at "the spot where the peddler was buried".

(See "*Did you know that . . .*"; *page* 11, *col.* 1.)

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What I Observe by R. G. Pressing

Did You Know That . . .

Magicians and *Spiritualist* mediums have been in opposing camps since the earliest days of what is now known as "*Modern Spiritualism*"? It is true and most persons are well aware of this fact but what many are not aware of is that the first challenge of a magician to the truths of the phenomena of Spiritualism was issued in 1853, by *J. H. Anderson* of New York City. Anderson started the usual silly offer of $1,000.00 but the terms were that it could only be accepted by some "poverty-stricken" medium who would come to his hall and produce raps there.

According to Nandor Fodor's "Encyclopedia of Psychic Science" (Pp. 211), The Fox Sisters accepted immediately, and accompanied by *Judge John Worth Edmonds* and a *Dr. Grey*, went to the hall . . . BUT Anderson backed out, failed to bring his $1,000.00 and, amid hisses from the audience, refused them admittance to the stage. (See picture, Page 10, Col. 4.)

The modern day magicians are a bit more clever. They make the terms of the challenge so air tight that they never need fear a loss, so they make the challenge $10,000 or even as high as $16,000.00. All they have to say is that they can duplicate the phenomena, which most of them can, BUT NOT UNDER THE SAME CONDITIONS exacted from the medium. And then, if they can't even duplicate the phenomena, their terms are so written that all they have to do is explain it away and say how "it could have been done" . . . all of which satisfies the average public who don't believe in the reality of the phenomena anyway.

Exeter Theater Spiritualist Home

In the city of Boston, Massachusetts, a Spiritualist play "The Last Chance," created much favorable comment, even to the point of attracting one of the Boston Herald's Ace Reporters, Rudolph Elie, Jr.

Mr. Elie, in a special article for his newspaper, reports an interview with Miss Viola Berlin, executive manager of The Exeter Street Theater, and found that the organization was in reality a spiritual fraternity organized in 1880 by Marcellus S. Ayer, wealthy New England grocer who endowed the enormous building to the Spiritualists to be used in propagating the cause.

Today, Miss Berlin says that Mr. Ayer's wishes are being carried out; seances, Spiritualist meetings, classes, and scientific experiments are listed in their schedule; also regular plays based on the philosophic teachings of Spiritualism.

Idaho Governor—A Spiritualist

March 31st not only marked the 98th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism but, according to a United Press release, it also marked the passing of *C. Ben Ross*, 69, former Idaho Governor. Quoting a Boise, Idaho, newspaper, Ross was a Spiritualist and an outstanding political figure for over 40 years.

To continue, the newspaper said: "*The spiritual force that made Ross an able administrator was SPIRITUALISM.*

"*During his term of office there were rumors that he consulted a Spiritualist. Last fall in a conversation with this correspondent, he confirmed that fact for the first time to a newspaperman. The admission explained many of his political actions.*

"*My religion is Spiritualism,*" *he said. "It has guided my life and made decisions for me. Because of my religion and the facts it has revealed to me, I know I am right and everyone else is wrong!*"

I. S. A. Convention

The annual convention of The Independent Spiritualist Association of the U.S.A., will be held June 14th, 15th and 16th at The Raine Hotel, Grand Rapids, Michigan, according to Nettie Spykerman Riddell, secretary, 1102 West Rankin St., Flint, Michigan.

The board of directors of the I.S.A. are: President, Rev. George W. Jewett, Grandledge, Michigan; Vice President, Rev. James Buchan, Detroit; Treasurer, Rev. Malcolm Riddell; Trustees: Rev. Grace Kilmer, Cato, N. Y.; Rev. Bessie Wells, Quincy, Michigan and Rev. Harry Hilborn, Chicago, Ill.

San Diego Dedication

During his life-time, Dr. H. Robert Moore expressed a specific wish. He saw the great need of a scientific laboratory and classroom and urged his followers to install and make these additions to his church. Today, according to *Anne Stock Ball*, secretary, this scientific laboratory has been completed. It was dedicated several months ago as the *H. Robert Moore Memorial Laboratory and Class Room.* The dedication took place before a large group of Spiritualists on the first anniversary of the passing of Dr. Moore, Founder and President-Emeritus of *The Fraternal Spiritualist Church*, 1502 Second Ave., San Diego, California.

Dr. H. Robert Moore

Dr. Moore's phases of mediumship were many and varied: apport, trance, materialization, direct-voice and independent writing as well as objective clairvoyance. Before his passing, elaborate experiments were made with an instrument "AUDIO"—a device that could be attuned with the pychic power of a medium. Some of the experiments were successful. Records show that spirit voices were heard and that spirit faces were seen through this instrument . . . the latter known as "Spirit Television."

Spiritualists Win at Denver

According to a clipping received from James W. Eardeley, 1732 Araphane St., Denver, Colorado, a group of over one hundred spiritualists appearing in court en masse were able to defeat a bill which would have banned the activity of mediums in that city. The Rocky Mountain News covered the case with a crude article trying to belittle the victory but had to state that by a 5-2 vote the bill was defeated. Italian Councilman Michael A. Marranzino and C. Paul Harrington were against the mediums while those who voted in favor were Councilmen Rosenthal, Stafford, Dolph, Fresques and Blakley. All five said that they were in favor of legitimate Spiritualist Churches and saw no reason why they should infringe on the religious liberty of any minority group.

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Federation Convention

At the third annual convention of The Federation of Spiritualist Churches and Associations, Inc., Rev. Fred *Jordan* and Rev. Anthony *Camardo* were elected to serve on the official board of The Supreme Council. The convention, held in the grand ball-room of The Midland Hotel in the city of Chicago last April, attracted large audiences at the evening propaganda meetings. Over five hundred persons attended the opening banquet.

According to Rev. V. R. *Cummins*, President of the Federation, rapid progress is being made with plans for a mammoth celebration of the 100th anniversary of Modern Spritualism to be held at Rochester, N. Y., March 31st, 1848. Supreme council meetings were held at The Congress Hotel each morning of the convention; business sessions for the delegates were scheduled each afternoon; Each evening, hundreds attended the propaganda meetings—open to the public without charge.

Some of the speakers, mediums and visitors listed on the program: V. R. *Cummins*, Bertha *Mann*, Carl Horton *Pierce*, Evalyn *Cummins*, Billy *Hill*, Bert L. *Welch*, Anthony *Camardo*, Maria *Strazzantoelli*, Glen *Argoe*, May *Baxter*, Lt. Com. Fred *Jordan*, Emma *Binz*, E. M. *Senick*, Thoro *Harris*, Ernest *Gleason*, Vernie *Brown*, Pearl *Davis*, Nelle G. *Carter*, Bertram *Gerling*, G. Nelson *Williams*, A. T. *Wheeler*, John *Skinner*, Sheldon *Northrup*, Margaret *Lewis*, Alice *Tindall*, Helen *Kazak*, Marjorie *Godsey*, Ruth *Squire*, Laura *Yates*, Myrtle *DeBoe*, Ruth *Foster*, Louise *Quinn*, Emma *Van Keuren*, Harriet *Heinz*, Anna *Runberg* Nina *McCamant*, A. T. *Wheeler*, Kate *Svejda*, Martha *Housley*, Theresa *Vorhees*, Gloria *Bourgeois*, E. *Nellis*, Julia *Martin*, Harry M. *Hilborn* and others.

What They Say About Us

Over WJTN, Jamestown, N. Y., radio station, the Better Business Bureau and the Jamestown Retail Merchants Association, sponsor a regular morning broadcast. The originator of the program, Al Spokes, in covering news of Chautauqua County Monday, April 23rd, said: "The history of Lily Dale, on Cassadaga lake, is known by few in this section of the country. Founded in 1879, the first meeting of Spiritualists lasted only one week. Today, the meetings continue through July and August, attracting hundreds of speakers and mediums from all parts of the United States. In addition to the public meetings, many private demonstrations of psychic phenomena are held under strict test conditions.

"In 1916 the FOX COTTAGE in HYDESVILLE, where spirit raps were first heard in 1848, was dismantled and moved to Lily Dale, and now the thousands who visit the shrine each summer hear raps in this birthplace of MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"In Lily Dale is the largest Spiritualist library in the world . . . the MARION SKIDMORE Library. Lily Dale is also the home of the PSYCHIC OBSERVER, Spiritualism's Pictorial Journal, the largest selling magazine of its kind in the world. Thus Chautauqua County possesses one of the leading organizations for the dissemination of psychic knowledge."

TO VISIT LILY DALE

Psychic Observer

Helena Bowers, spiritual healer, 660 St. Clair, Apartment No. 1, Detroit (14), Michigan; member of The Christian Church of Progress, 80 West Alexandrine Ave.; during July and August, 1946, will visit Lily Dale Assembly, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Records and testimonials verify the fact that, through Miss Bowers, many persons have received help. It all began when she was told she possessed rare psychic ability for divine healing. This message was received at the Book-Cadillac Hotel many years ago.

My Son is Living —Though Dead

(Continued from Page 10, Col. 5)

was answered by a clairvoyant and mediumistic lady?

I believe it was not, for of a truth my son knew that here was an instrument he could use to impart knowledge to me, which he assuredly did.

But that is not all; she told me my son would give some proof that he was with me, and in that same town he did so.

It was a scorching hot Summer day.

Suddenly one of those torrential Summer storms came on. Shelters filled up at once and, looking for shelter myself, I ran into the Saloon of an hotel; two gentlemen had preceded me.

One of them engaged me in conversation, the other sat silent in a corner.

The gentleman I was speaking to commenced talking of seaside places; What did I think of Weymouth Bay?

He thought it quite the loveliest Bay in England.

What did I think of so-and-so, and then mentioned St. Heliers, Jersey.

"*Well, now,*" I said, "*if you are going out of England, what do you think of Rio de Janeiro Harbor?*"

"*Ah,*" he said. "*I have never seen it, but I believe it is really a wonderful sight.*"

We Were Speechless

I assured him it was beautiful, and was describing its beauties, when suddenly the other gentleman, who up to now had been silent, stood before me.

"*Do you come from there?*" he enquired.

"*No,*" I replied "*but my son sent me some very fine views of it.*'

"*Is your son out there now?*" he asked.

I, of course, told him he had died there.

Then he asked me where he had lived in Brazil.

I said I did not think he would know the place, but nevertheless I gave him the name of the place where he died, and then commenced to tell him where he first went to when he went to Brazil.

"But tell me the name of your son," he said, catching hold of my arm.

"*William Graham Richards,*" I replied.

For a moment he looked at me speechless, then, laying both his hands on my shoulder, and looking into my face, he said, "*Are you really his father?*'

When I assured him I was, with great emotion and with tears in his eyes, he told me he had lived and worked with him in the hinterland of Brazil.

"*Leave your business, leave everything, and come with me to see my wife,*" he said.

"*We both loved him as if he had been our own son.*"

So I went with him, and it will be long, if ever, I forget that meeting.

Not Coincidence

Going to a snapshot Album, he turned over the pages and gently released a photo, saying, "*This is for you, there he is, that is the last photo I took of him.*"

"*Tell, me, how did you come to go into that place where I met you?*"

"*Well,*" I said, "*I was busy, but it was any port in a storm like that.*"

Then I remembered the clairvoyant's words, "*He will prove he is with you*" and I told him about it.

It made a great impression upon him, and he kept saying "*I am sure it was not coincidence.*'

Coincidence, nay, it was the fulfillment of the promise my son made through the medium to me, that he would prove he was with me.

I have not the least doubt that my son impressed me to engage in a conversation that should in some way reveal to the gentleman who knew and loved him that I was his father, aye further, if he was with me, he too surely directed my footsteps to the place where I should meet him.

And what when I returned home?

Was I the only privileged person to have this wonderful evidence of my son's survival, and to hear his voice?

Nay, not so.

His voice had been heard in the home by my wife and our youngest daughter and a niece who was visiting us.

Hope and Courage

Since then he has materialized before us sufficiently for us to see his face quite clearly, and not only he, but a baby we had lost, who has grown up to manhood in spirit life.

Holy Writ assures us that our loved ones live on, and this is often confirmed to us in many ways.

How true are the words of that beautiful Hymn so often sung in Churches:—

They come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.
They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to say.

Yes, we who dwell here amidst the shadows of this transient life can take hope and courage, for it is but a stage on the journey to the Father's Home, and though we may be a great way off, He is cognizant of our coming, and when we are nearing that home a great love will meet us in the forms of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, and *so shall God wipe away all tears from our eyes.*

(The End)

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IDENTIFICATION "V"

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

those days, under the best of conditions, that was a risky job. Now my aircraft was badly damaged and I was wounded.

I felt myself losing blood, my right eye was completely closed, but I was quite conscious, and so I turned back and set course for the base. The rest of the squadron covered my withdrawal so I felt safe and comfortable. My engine was dead and my propellor shattered, but the aircraft managed to fly. I was in constant touch with the ground radio, and sent messages at regular intervals. All messages from allied airborne craft are recorded immediately, and later I read my last message sent to the ground station. It was *"I am at* 1000 *feet about to cross.. .."*

But there was no ending to the message. I had lost consciousness.

Proof of Protection

Three days later I came to. I opened my eyes and realized I was in a strange room with many people around my bed. I wanted to rise but I met difficulty, and only then I found I had a plaster cast covering my body. Both my arms were drapped in dressings and my legs, for some reason, felt very heavy.

"Lie still—don't try to get up," said a doctor. I obeyed. I felt no pain, and somehow I was content.

"Lie still," the doctor spoke again, *"You're all right."*

I slept, and twenty-four hours later I learned the story of the aftermath of my combat on June 23rd, 1941.

The doctors and some of the staff of *Ramsgate General Hospital* watched some returning planes. They saw my aircraft glide quietly in the general direction of their hospital. It was flying low, and quite suddenly made an emergency landing; it hit three telephone poles and, of course, disintegrated.

I was hurled from the cockpit and buried into the ground about fifty yards away from the crash, and *no more than two hundred yards from the entrance to the hospital.* It was perfect service. They picked me up immediately, and an operation was performed on me that same night. I had a fractred skull and a fractured vertebrae, a broken collar bone, broken hands and legs.

Guardian Angel

During my stay in the hospital I had plenty of time to think, and tried to piece the facts together. When I left the hospital I investigated the case more thoroughly. I compared the time of my last message with the time of the crash, and it seemed impossible for an aircraft with a damaged propeller and dead engine to fly the distance from the coast at *Dover* to *Ramsgate hospital.*

According to all calculations and technical data, the aircraft should have crashed about one mile short of the hospital. I tried to explain this extra mile to myself, but there was no plausible explanation, and then I simply assumed that it must have been my *"guardian angel"* who got me out of trouble.

Almost eighteen months later, I was quite well and flying again while stationed on the south coast of England. Here I conducted gunnery practice with the young pilots of my squadron.

The White Helmet!

There was a morning when all flights were suspended as we were weathered in with dense fog. We sat about the hut amusing ourselves in one way and another, and then, suddenly, there came an engine drone from overhead. A few young pilots ran out trying to spot the lone aircraft.

I remained inside the hut, but quite distinctly I heard the aircraft which sounded like a *Spitfire.* It circled our field three times, swept down and *"buzzed"* our hut. After that the noise faded, and apparently the aircraft flew away.

The pilots came rushing back into the hut. *"Sir,"* they said, *"someone's flying your plane. We saw the letter distinctly, and the pilot even wore a white helmet!"*

I questioned them, but they were quite certain of this, so certain that I went out and reassured myself that my aircraft was on its hardstand. Moisture dripped from the wings and I was satisfied the plane had been stationary since the day before. But when I returned to the hut I telephoned *Operations,* and asked them to trace the aircraft back to its base.

Operations called back in fifteen minutes. They had a record of a single engine aircraft flying over our field, but there had been a fade out after three minutes, and neither the *Royal Observer Corps* nor *Radar* could trace the aircraft. They did not know where it came from nor where it went.

Plane Could Not Be Found

Next day, the weather was very much the same with no flying. I felt restless and tense and there was an atmosphere of uneasiness among the pilots. We awaited something.

The aircraft came. It came at the same time as on the previous day. We heard the familiar drone. Without a moment's delay I 'phoned to *Operations*: *"There is an aircraft flying overhead. Put everyone to work and trace this ship back to its base at all costs as the pilot is flying dangerously low."*

With this message through, I could not resist the temptation to join the other pilots, and got outside just in time to see the aircraft sweep down in front of us, and then it was gone.

I may have experienced hallucination, but I thought I recognized clearly the *"V"* of my own ship, *and the pilot wearing a white helmet!* The nine pilots who stood and watched with me saw these things too.

Personal Conscious Survival

The story from *Operations* was the same as it had been the day before, but this time I had an explanation. I was quite satisfied as to the origin of the aircraft and the person who flew it. I am not a Spiritualist in the sense that I belong to any Spiritualist Church or organization but I do not need to be convinced. *I know* life does not end at the moment of so-called death for I know life is continuous and feel certain I will have additional proof . . . proof that will add to my knowledge of personal conscious survival as well as proof in the form of factual evidence—substantiated by direct spirit communication.

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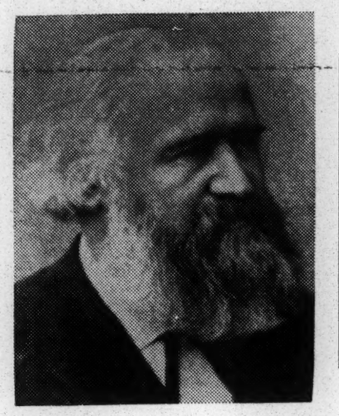

Psychic Observer

ALEXANDER N. AKSAKOF

1832 - 1903

Alexander N. Aksakof

WAS

the Imperial Councillor to the Czar the pioneer spiritualist of *Russia,* a *Swedenborg* enthusiast whose introduction to *Modern Spiritualism* was effected by Andrew Jackson Davis's *"Nature's Divine Revelations"* in 1855. In order to form a correct judgment of both physiological and psychiological phenomena, he studied medicine at the *University of Moscow* for two years. He translated Swedenborg's *"Heaven and Hell,"* Count Szapary's *"Magnetic Healing"* and the principal works of *Prof. Robert Hare, Sir William Crookes, Judge Edmonds, Rober Dale Owen* and the Report of the Dialectical Society.

As, however, works on *Spiritualism* in *Russian* were suppressed by the censor but *German* publications were tolerated, his literary activity, as a necessity, centered in *Germany.*

He founded the *Psychische Studien* and was instrumental in provoking the first strictly scientific *Russian* investigation of *Spiritualism.*

Crookes' Researches

Daniel Dunglas Home visited *Russia* for the first time in 1861. He became connected, through marriage, with *Aksakof's* family and was, in 1871, introduced by him to *Prof. Boutlerof,* and to other professors of the university of St. Petersburg. However, the body of savants was left unconvinced.

In 1874, the French medium, *Camille Bredif* paid a visit. *Professor Wagner* attended a seance and was deeply impressed. His article in the *Revue de L'Europe* aroused such a storm that the university felt impelled to delegate an investigating committee and asked *Aksakof* to make the necessary arrangements for them.

Aksakof went to *England* in 1875 and engaged (after a previous failure with the *Petty Brothers* of *Newcastle*) a non-professional medium, using the name of *Mrs. Clayer,* to whom he was introduced by *Crookes,* for presentation to the committee.

The lady, who is mentioned in Crooks' "Researches in The Phenomena of Spiritualism" (Dale News,, Inc., $2.50) on pages 38-39 produced strong physical phenomena in light.

The committee, however, refused to be impressed and *Prof. Mendelveff,* its principal member, in his report, *Materials by Which to Judge Spiritualism,* declared that the medium produced table movements and raps by human agency.

To this report, *Aksakof* returned, under the title *A Monument of Scientific Prejudice,* a caustic reply.

In 1876, Aksakof asked permission to publish, in St. Petersburg, a monthly *Review of Mediumship.* It was refused.

Partial Dematerialization

Thereupon, in 1881, an organ with an unmeaning title, *Rebus,* was founded and largely subsidized, after funds went low, by *Aksakof* to popularize the teachings of *Spiritualism.* He experimented with Henry *Slade* and Charles *Williams* when they visited St. Petersburg. He also made arrangements for *Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken* (one of the "Fox Sisters) when the Czar desired to consult her for the safe conduct of the coronation ceremonies.

William *Eglinton,* Mms. Elizabeth *d'Esperance* and Eusapia *Paladino* were the next mediums who engaged his attention. His own wife was mediumistic and became a help in his work.

In a Case of Partial Dematerialization (1896) he recorded testimonies of an astounding occurrence with *Mme. d'Esperance.* His most important book, *Animismus und Spiritismus,* Leipzig 1890, was published in answer to Dr. Edward von Hartmann's *Spiritualism.*

F. W. H. Myers, in his review in Proceedings, Vol. VI. p 665, states: *"I may say at once that on the data as assumed I think that Mr. Aksakof has the better of his opponent."*

In the book *Aksakof* says that, for the comprehension of mediumistic phenomena, we have not one hypothesis only, but . . .

Three Hypotheses

1. *Personism,* meaning change of personality, may stand for those unconscious physical phenomena which are produced within the limits of the medium's own body, those intra-mediumistic phenomena whose distinguishing characteristic is the assumption of a personality changing to that of the medium.

2. Under the name *Animism* we include unconscious psychical phenomena which shows themselves outside the limits of the medium's body. Extra-mediumistic operation of objects without contact and materialization. We have here the highest manifestation of the psychic duplication; the elements of personality overstep the limits of the body . . . up to the point of complete externalization and objectification.

3. Under the name *Spiritism* we include phenomena resembling both *personalization* and *animism* but which we must ascribe to some extra-mediumistic and extra-terrene cause. They differ from the phenomena of personalization and animism in their intellectual content which affords evidence of an independent personality.

Spiritualism and Science was another of Aksakof's important works. His literary output was considerable. One of his last translations was Col. Rochas' *Exteriorization of Motricity.* Under dreadful physical handicap he kept on working to the last. His right hand became useless, his eyes almost sightless. A final attack of influenza on January 1 th, 1903, caused his passing.

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